The Gauze Fluffer

BY WILLIAM SLAVENS McNUTT

A Bear, a Booking Agent, a Hidden Past, and Several Other Things Combined With Action and Humor

wings beside the stage manager and stared admiringly at the strangely moving figure of Mademoiselle Sylvia. Enveloped by voluminous folds of gauzy stuff, Made noiselle Sylvia was doing complicated music made by the Elite Theater Orehestra.
"She's class, ain't she?" said Pat

admiringly

me?" he asked in an unfriendly tone.
"No, I'm not trying to kid you,"

"Now listen to mine. I've cage door unlocked. and I've never seen one yet that to the speech.

was any good. Some are bad and "What for are you busta my bear putting them down, is the worst. You circles. call her a young lady, but she ain't young, and she's maybe a lady. Mahoney, amazed. "Why, you mis-

"Say," said the manager, "that's a less than that!" fighting word around here.'

He smacked the stage manager on the nose, and the stage manager retaliated by pasting him in the eye.

The marked the stage manager on the stage manager retaliated by pasting him in the eye. The marked the stage manager retaliated by pasting him in the eye. The marked the stage manager retaliated by pasting him in the eye. The marked the stage manager on the stage They clinched then and fell to the floor and rolled over and over. By this time other performers and stage before Mahoney could counter. Material to the before Mahoney could counter. hands were rushing toward them. Before any one could reach the strugsor Tomaselli's trained bear. The door of the cage was closed and bolted, but not locked. The jar of the fighting pair falling against the framework loosened the bolt, and whom they relieved the solution of the cage was closed and bolted. Two minutes passed and no Mahoney with the fighting pair falling against the framework loosened the bolt, and whom they relieved the solution of the control of the control

storm whether the fighting was ever stopped or not.

"Woof!" the big brown bear re
"Woof!" the big brown bear re
"Ten minutes later Mahoney rushed in panting, and holding a well red
"Ten minutes later Mahoney rushed in panting, and holding a well red
"Ten minutes later Mahoney rushed oilelle Sylvia, she went to Pat with Pat confidentially,"

peated and ambled leisurely over to dened handkerchief to his nose. sniff at the two squirming forms that were performing so strangely. The dirty Wop hopped a truck and wrath-loose, made a wild grab to get Ma-fully.

dened nandkerchief to his hose.

"The dirty Wop hopped a truck and small voice while her lips quivered and tears stood in her eyes.

She had received a curt note from the booking office saying that the rehoney by the hair, and grabbed the bear by the nose instead.

At about the same moment Maho- thing like that, hunh?" from Mahoney's face; the bear's nouth was open, and Mahoney noted that the revealed teeth were long and

yellow and capable looking.
"Woof!" said the bear once more. Mr. Mahoney said nothing. Action was his answer to the bear's remark.
and in no time at all Mr. Mahoney stood on the ladder just below his

UST at this moment the orchestra stopped playing, and two or three ing big. le in the audience applauded un enthusiastically. Mlle. Sylvia's act was at an end. She came off, bowing her way backward until she reached and almost bumped face on into the

"Eeeeeee!" said Mlle, Sylvia and crumpled up in a faint.

"Oh, Lord" said Pat Mahoney and loosening his hold on the ladded, "Woof!" said the bear, facing him

"Scat you!" said Mahoney, advanc ing on him with his fists up. "Ge out! Beat it!"

Toof!" said the bear. Mahoney said a little prayer in his mind and smacked the bear on the nose with a left jab.

"Woof!" said the bear aggrievedly, backing up. "Woof! Woof! Woof!" He shook his head pathetically,

in and to make absolutely sure that no ill-natured humans would bother him further, caught the door with one what followed and hoping that it paw and slammed it shut after him. would be better. The house mana-"Woof!" he said spiritlessly as a gers along the line sent in adverse parting tribute to the conversation. reports to the booking office, and

called to Mahoney. "Get a move on! brow. They're playing your stuff." But

Mahoney saw that some other performers were caring for Mile. Sylvia. and he cocked his hat on one side of his head, shook himself into his stage and argued her case with any and personality, and went humming and argued her case with any and clogging out in front of the footlights all who attacked her. His champion-

rough but funny, vulgar but effec- to Mademoiselle Sylvia or received rough but funny, vulgar but effec-tive. It forced even the majority so much as a flicker of recognition of the judicious to reluctant grins, from her gray eyes as they passed and it certainly went big with the or stood near to each other on the groundlings. Pat had the feet of a stage or in the hotel, the railroad genius and the appearance of a New station or train. Nor did he cham-Fork gangster. He danced divinely and did it with his hat cocked over one eye, his hands in his pockets, and the general manner and expression of a tough stick-up guy on a vacation and looking for trouble just to make

He was a queer card, was Pat. His cluded among them. act was always billed as the Mahoney only Mahoney, but he always hired a ager, the bear and the owner thereof partner who worked with him, and Mademoiselle Sylvia accosted him in whoever he secured immediately be- the lobby and thanked him for what came for professional purposes the he had done.

There was no real reason for Pat to somethin' to show that I'm not sore have a partner. He had plenty of stuff to work single, but Pat had an on the bill." inferiority complex, thought the stuff did was terrible hokum and never said hesitantly with a wistful note could understand how and why it got in her voice.

So he always had a partner to help chance to catch his breath between You show 'em up for what they are Inness, but Pat didn't know this.

Me, I'm different. I'm nothing but a lit was because of a partner that rough-house suy, but I don't get.

AT MAHONEY stood in the Pat was playing the string of com- sore when I meet somebody that's got | Pat saw him before the show opened paratively small time through up-state New York, breaking in a new Mahoney.

The audience roared its approval as he finished his first number. "The boobs," he muttered to him-

self as he bowed and smiled. never give her a hand, and then they fall for this rough-house hokum and hoofing of mine. They don't know class when they see it."

The stage manager stared at him.
"What are you trying to do, kid his partner a chance to do a "How me?" he asked in an unfriendly tone. tenor solo about wanting to go away said Mahoney, nettled. "I'm telling back some place, he saw Prof. Tomayou something. I said the young selli standing near the bear's cage. lady out there has class, and that He started toward the professor with the idea of giving him a mild call-"That's your story," said the stage down for going away and leaving the seen many a gauze fluffer in my time, advanced to meet him and beat him

some are worse. That dame out in da snoot?" he demanded, brandish-there now, picking up her feet and ing both elenched fists in eccentric

give me a call-down for hittin a full-grown bear in the nose with my "You're a liar." said Mahoney hotthough I doubt it, and there ain't any placed fruit peddler, are you tryin' to fist? Why, say! Men get medals for

sor Tomaselli's trained bear. The the alley they raced and around the to?

when they rolled away from the cage played Mahoney's cue music for his play for you." the door came open.
"Woof!" said the big brown occuStill no Mahoney. The frantic stage

to the flies and wondering what de- somebody come up from the audience this small time. Why, say, I'll bet and did your act for you or some-

"I know all about it," said the don't you give the newspapers the house manager. "That gauze fluffer started the whole thing, and she goes out on her ear right now. She's through! She's rotten and I should have canned her after the first per-

formance, anyhow." "Wait a minute," said Mahoney. "If she goes, I go. If she's through,

I'm through!" That was something else again, for the Mahoney Brothers were the headline act at the Elite and draw-

"Oh well," said the manager ing down, "of course if she's a par-ticular friend of yours, Pat---"

"She ain't no friend of mine, particular or any other kind. I never met her. I never spoke to her. I see you an' booked you, why, right away her come on and go and do her stuff the same as the rest of you. That's all. But I know class and she's it. You think she's rotten, but she's only man like that to see me and book, over your head. She's too good for

"All right, Pat," said the manager soothingly. "Have it your way."
"I will," said Pat belligerently

"I'll have it till I meet some one big enough to make me have it some other way, an' I don't see any one that size around here."

PAT was original in his champion. ship of Mademoiselle Sylvia. The ambled dejectedly to his cage, crawled audiences endured her, spending the time while she was on the stage in looking at their programs to see gers along the line sent in adverse the stage hands and performers "Hey, you!" the stage manager sneered at her as a stuck-up high-

But Pat adored her. Where the others saw snobbishness in the slim, sensed only what he called class s stuff.
Pat Mahoney's stuff was quixotic, for Pat had never spoken pion her cause with the idea of makto have him as a friend was not in-

But when he returned to the hotel others. Pat was the original and after his battles with the stage man-

"I was glad of a chance to do "They don't like me, do they?" sh

"You can bet they don't," said Pat "You're a lady and they're a bunch out. None of them was even any of bums. You're class and they ain't

class. No. I like it!"

He paused and smiled knowingly at her. Then abruptly:

"I know about your folks." She turned pale.

"My-folks?" she said, speaking with difficulty.
"Don't get scared," he said. "I give me leave, but I know you come from swell folks.

"How do you know that?" she

"I can tell from the way you look an' act an' talk," he said. "That dress you got on now, it don't look like it cost much, but I bet it did. partner you've got. I bet he mixes a

"It cost enough," she said, flushing. "Sure," he said heartily. "An' then you don't wear no rocks, an' that's honey said impatiently. "I can easy another sign." get a new partner if you don't like

another sign.' "Rocks?" he exclaimed. "You ain't been troupin' long, have you?"
"No," she admitted. "This is my

first professional experience. "Say," said the manager, "that's a less than that!"
"He's a nica gooda bear," said the they don't care whether people know they said Mahoney. "Then let's professor, dancing with rage. "He's no scratch; he's no bite; he's no do no scratch; he's no bite; he's no do scratch; he's no bite; he's no do no scratch; he's no bite; he's no do no scratch; he's no bite; he's no do no scratch; he's no bite; he's no do no scratch; he's no bite; he's n

"All right," said Pat. "I know how Before any one could reach the strug-gling pair they had stumbled erect, swayed, tumbled and banged hard against the cage containing Profes-sor. Tomasellie, trained them. The Italian squealed with the stage door, with Mahoney at his heels. Out into

her trouble and told him of it in a

"Oh, is that so?" said the stage ports on her act had been uniformly manager. "And what do you think unfavorable and that they would be "Yow!" cried the stage manager. was going on here in the theater unable to give her any more time. He shook himself free and in a sec-while you were getting your face "You're over their heads," said Pat put it past her, at that," he exclaimed. I didn't tell him nothing about it. All ond he was well up a ladder leading kicked? I suppose you think maybe consolingly. "You're too good for

if you was playin' the big houses you'd be toppin' the bill right along." ney, looking furiously about to see what had become of the stage manager, peeked into the eyes and mouth of the bear that had spoiled the fight.

The bear's eyes were less than a foot "I know all about it," said the son't you'd be toppin' the bill right along." "But how can I get the chance to play the big house?" she asked.

"But how can I get the chance to play the big house?" she asked.

"The right kind of publicity would put you across," said Pat. "Why

> "Please," she pleaded. "No! No!" "All right," said Pat hastily. "I she might be real, at that."
> got another idea. I don't know if "Sure, she's real," Pat insi you knew it or not, but Harry Bus- nestly.

covar is my agent."
"Buscovar?" inqu inquired Mademoi-

"Don't you know who Harry Bus-"The name sounds familiar." the

girl said vaguely.
"Familiar!" Pat exclaimed, "Why, he's the greatest agent in New York. He can make any act in the business just by bookin' em. If he seen that ever made Isadora Duncan look

bad at her own game." "But how am I going to get a me?" Mlle. Sylvia asked.

"That's my job," said Pat. "I only took this string of small time to break in my new act, an' Buscovar told me as soon as I thought I had an' he'd jump out to wherever I was an' catch me. I'll wire him right and move around a little withou away that I'm ready, an' when he comes to catch me he'll get you too.

"Do you think he'll like me?" Mile. Sylvia asked anxiously. Pat hestitated a little before an-"Buscovar's a nut about swering. press stuff." he said. "If I

could tell him that maybe if he looked you on the big time you'd be willing to bust that yarn about who your folks are an' how you come to' "No!" said Mlle. Sylvia vehemently. "Not even to get on with Harry

Buscovar? "I guess you mean it," Pat said re-gretfully. "Never mind. We'll make

him like you, anyhow."

PAT telegraphed Buscovar that afcally. ternoon, and at the next day's mat-

and fervently sang his praises of Mlle. Sylvia. Buscovar listened with a tight skeptical grin slightly creasing his fat face. "They hear different around the

booking office. Anyhow, I'll have a He sat in a stage box throughout ain't goin' to tell anybody unless you the show, and after the last act

had made its effort he went back She drew a loog breath and smiled stage and met Pat again. "What do you think?" Mahoney asked anxiously. "Your new act is rotten," said Bus

> "That but you'll have to get rid of that I't look curley-haired perfume hound of a mean soda when he's working at his regular job. "Oh, never mind about that," Ma-

covar. "Your own stuff is all right

this one. But what do you think of Mlle. Sylvia? Ain't she great?" "She's rotten, too," said Buscovar "Now, listen, Harry, don't get off this gal too hard till I get a chance to tell you some more about her," Mahoney said desperately. "If you

don't like her stuff, you don't like it an' that's that. But you ought to book her anyhow. "Sell me that idea!" said Buscovar derisively. "Do that first, an' if you get away with it I promise to pay your system." Buscovar went on. "If something you haven't told me, Pat, her nothing but failure and despair. sat in the box with his eyes closed,

on the Brooklyn bridge. "There's a story in her that'd make great publicity," said Mahoney.

said solemnly. "That ought to dirty up the front page of every paper in New York. I can see it now. 'Stage Mystery. Gauge Flux."

A story do you want?" she asked. "A "What kind of a story have you ing. got?" Buscovar replied. "Mahoney ing. "In Mystery. Gauge Flux." Mystery.

"She comes from swell folks." said you.

"Yeh?" said Buscovar. "If she didn't do no better at home than she does on the stage, I bet her folks were sure glad when she come from 'em. the booking office saying that the re- What is she? An exiled Russian I wouldn't tell nobody about who you When I was nine years old a farmer

princess or something like that," A startled expression appeared on "I see in a Sunday paper a while back where this country's gettin' crowded Miss Sylvia! Open up and tell him with them Russian royalty people viks.

folks are?" said Buscovar. "Sure." said Pat. "But she won't

A gleam of interest appeared in Buscovar's eyes. he said. "That sounds like maybe

"Sure, she's real," Pat insisted ear-estly. "You'll have to put up an awful spiel to get her to tell you who she really is an' how she come to go

come through for you, you'll have "She'll have to come through with

if I book her," said Buscovar. "Well, let's see this gauze fluffer an' have a talk with her." "She's at the hotel," said Pat eager-y. "I told her I'd probably bring

you there to see her.

"YOU see, it's like this, miss," said Buscovar, as he sat at the table across . from Mile. via in the hotel dining room. "There's got to be some kind of a big story in you or you're cold, see? There was a time a few years back when anybody that could come out on the stage barefoot without much clothes on getting pinched, could have all the time they could play at good money But them days is gone by, lady, be lieve me! It used to be that you had to be a classical dancer and do artistic stuff, or else they wouldn't let you wear no clothes, but now anybody can wear no clothes much and get away with it. And of course the people would rather see a good snappy, young chicken step out and strut some jazz stuff without much clothes on her than to look at you do that artistic stuff dressed the same way. Now, as I said, if we're going to put you across, what we got to



TE I TELL YOU WILL YOU GET ME PLENTY OF ENGAGEMENTS IN THE BIG TIME?" SHE ASKED.



"WOOF!" SAID THE BEAR. "EEEEE EE!" SAID MADEMOISSELLE SYLVIA.

you whether it's good enough to give you a chance or not."

Gauze Fluffer Has Great people. He says that maybe you are Guess.' Wonderful, Pat! You ought so, then why are you dancing on the "Wait!" to quit the stage and turn press stage? Mahoney says probably you're "Woof!" said the big brown occupant in a pleased tone and walked out.

The performers and stage hands who had been approaching with the dea of stopping the fight turned and well again. Who had been approaching the fight turned and well again. The performers and stage hands who had been approaching the fight turned and well rapidly away from there, not caring a whoop in a heavy thunderstorm whether the fighting was ever whether the fight whether t so I could know if I should us

best interests." Pat protested earnestly in answer to her look. "I promised nobody, Pat. Just nobody at all. was or what people you come from or nothing like that, and I didn't. orphan asylum and adopted me, and didn't tell him nothing about it. All thenyou would you tell him. Aw, go on,

Mlle. Sylvia turned to Buscovar. "If I tell you, will you get me plenty engagements on the big time? she asked.

"Sure!" said Buscovar. "If it's good story and we can get lots of taught me a little about classic danc-publicity on it, why not?" "Will you give me tonight to think t over?" Mlle. Sylvia asked.

Buscovar pursed his lips. this evening." he said. "Still-wellall right. Then in the morning, miss, "Yes," said Mile Sylvia, "In the went

here all night and then have you tell let them laugh all they wanted to. ne you was just a daughter of some dred thousand dollars and didn't amount to nothing. Of course, if laugh while you was practicing this your father was maybe a senator or any kind of a big public man that the people know about, that would be all sadly. right, even if he didn't have so much

"I'll let you know about it in the small engagement and then I norning," Mlle. Sylvia said faintly.

SAY, what's eatin' you, Harry?" Pat exclaimed indignantly. "Of cours it's a good story, whatever it s. Ain't you got sense? Can't you tell by your own eyes that this lady ain't a fake or a fourflusher of any kind? Don't you know real people when you

Buscovar pursed up his lips and looked at his watch. "All right," he said after a little. "Maybe you know "All right," he

hunch. Anyhow, you're so sure that but not quite. Each step and ges-

Story, But No One Knows What It Is. related to royalty, or maybe you are a detaining hand on Buscovar's arm head. A sort of easel on the stage Everybody in Town Stop Work and a daughter of a millionaire. If that's nd staring distractedly at Pat. "Yes?" said Buscovar.

some kind of a good lie to tell Mr. Mlle. Looked reproachfully at Ma- Buscovar and make him believe it and get some booking on the big time." she said brokenly. "But I can't do it when you believe in me so! I am just

"Orphan asylum!" exclaimed Pat. "Yes," said Mlle. Sylvia abjectedly.
"I told you I was nobody. That's true. you? I know you're going I'm just nobody! I worked on the farm that got chased out by the Bolshe- to be heartbroken if you don't get until I was sixteen without even the by with this stage stuff, and this is hope of ever doing anything else. And "Haven't you asked her who her the only chance you got to put it then Priscilla Parsons came to stay

in New Hampshire took me out of a

"Priscilla Parsons!" said Buscovar

"The old classic dancer?"
Mile. Sylvia nodded. "She had to ask that question may have found came to our place to rest. She get away from the farm drudgery she went away I practiced and prac- power through wise legislation. ticed and practiced.

you will let me know for sure if you small to work in, so I always had to who studied and toiled, unnoticed and dence to indicate it does not take "It's a good story, isn't it?" said finally I didn't mind much. I used to answers to the great questions of "I would hate to wait practice out in the orchard and just life, its origin and its needs. fellow that only had a couple hun- gleam of interest in his eyes. "Laugh? People watching you would

> "All the time," said Mile. Slyvia "Always. The family, the neighbors, everybody! But I kept at it and finally I got away and got a "And they would laugh, hey?" said Buscovar. "They would sit and laugh

dancing?"

"Yes," said Mlle. Sylvia, beginning to sob again. "Oh, I'm through! I'm a failure! People have always laughed at me, and they still do. I can hear them out in the audience snickering. I guess you're laughing at me, now. Oh, I don't care. I'm

She rushed from the dining room weeping furiously, and hurried upstairs to her room.

PAT rose from the chair as though to follow. "Why, the poor kid!" he said huskily. "The poor kid!" Buscovar caught him by the arm he asked eagerly. "They laughed at

that laughed at her. I'd like to take em on one by one, darn 'em. I'd make "Don't be a sap," said Buscovar.

You should not want to smash the cople that laughed at her. You to laugh at her again. Now, listengot a hunch! That new partner of will be immense.

starting for the door. "I get you he called back over his shoulder, "Great idea. Be a knock-

Three weeks later, in another thea-

er, Harry Buscovar again sat in a stage box watching Mile. Sylvia doing her stuff. Tears of mirth were stream ing down his cheecks, and his fat sides ched from the effort of convulsive laughter. Looking weakly at the audience through his beloggled eyes, he saw only people in varying stages of nearhysteria. On the stage Mile. Sylvia was solemnly going through almost

you something down for an option you have, let's hear it and I'll tell and maybe you have just got a good They were almost the same motions, ecstatically planning their profess-"Yes?" said Buscovar. "What is the tip of her tongue nervously and started to speak twice before the words came. "What—what kind of a story do you want?" she asked. "Atta boy, Harry!" said Pat Mahoney, bare-legged, but with were in store for them. it will be worth my while that I'll ture was just a wee bit exaggerated, when he saw one. huge Charlie Chapin shoes on his "Now, about the billing," he said at "In the morning then, Miss?" said feet, a leopard skin around him, a last. "How's it to go, Pat? Pat Ma-Stage here says that you come from wealthy Buscovar, rising.

Stage here says that you come from wealthy Buscovar, rising.

Wreath of flowers about his neck and noney, support a dented old stove-pipe hat upon his "How's that?"

"How's that?"

"Not so goo!" wreath of flowers about his neck and honey, supported by Mile. Sylvia? bore a placard informing the audience that the dance the two were doing represented "The Bridal Day Mahoneys." of a Bologna." The two dancers finished and left the stage to return and

"Um-h'm," said Pat, grinning over her shoulder. "Um-h'm—'The Ma-honeys." That's all."

"Not so good," said Pat, "Let the billing read same as always, only cut

"Yes?" said Buscovar, with an inerrogative inflection. how and leave and come back and bow and bow again and again and hid her face on Pat's shoulder. Mile. Sylvia blushed rosy red and

Early Stages of Life Studied at Laboratory

BY HAROLD K. PHILIPS.

trembling hand to the quickened pace of the new era as the sure road to dignity, you will be shown samples destruction, science has added many of a later period proving that at a years to the normal span of human

had a nervous breakdown, and she partial answers in many quarters. Knowledge has been broadened, machinery has lifted tremendous burdens from the backs of men, and governments have learned that it is naand make a living for myself. After tional economy to protect their man-All of these things have contrib-

"It was harder because everybody uted, but the greatest contributions Although research along that line laughed at me. My room was too were made by the men and women has not been completed, there is eviro out somewhere, and wherever I unsung in the solitude of the efficient somebody would always fol- research laboratories, burning low low me and laugh at me. 1 got so the oil of their own lives, looking for

The department of embryology of body. The books in this case, how-"Laugh?" said Buscovar, with a the Carnegie Institution of Washing- ever, are actual cross-sections of the ton occupies part of one of the build- human body, indisputable records of ings belonging to Johns Hopkins Uni- how the body and its organs form, versity in Baltimore, and was located day by day, from as early as three there because its prox.mity to one weeks after their origin up to the of the world's greatest schools would be decidedly advan- oped child. It is by far the largest tageous.

Twenty years ago few men had more than a fragmentary understanding of the true conditions under which life developed. Vital questions yet remain to answered, but today knowledge in that direction has progressed to the point where it is quite common for one of the specialists attached to the department of embryology to make wax duplicates of many parts of a humar body even before that part has begun to assume a recognizable shape or appearance.

There the specialists have learned how the organs of the human body evolve from the third week of growth up to and after the period of its birth in a fully formed babe. And their labora-tories are open to the students and investigators from this and other coun-

It constitutes a center to which those "Sure," said Pat grimly. "I heard. I ticular problem of human development wish I had 'em all here, those boobs may come and have access to the store of resources. For those who cannot books have been published, making the knowledge of the department of embryology available to the world.

Lay visitors, or rather those who are seldom accorded the privilege of a tour through the corridors of the department ours is a bum. He won't do. You of embryology. It is a busy place, and on these two-legged male gazelles tant things to fill their minutes than act that pull all this classic bunk. Get ing as guides to curious persons. But her to do her stuff just a little worse the few who are admitted never leave than it is now, to help out, and it without being bewildered by the marvels

> For instance, the doctor who is showing you through may very glibly weeks old-referring, of course, to bryo chicks, but has also devoted his your prenatal age-you had gill clefts attention to mammalian tissues, injust like a fish. If you are not a believer in the theory of evolution and cells of which seem to grow quite as smile with incredulity, he can very well under these conditions that the small condition of the small conditions are small conditions. prove by means of both enlarged nodels and photograph that he is in the department of embryology, havdead earnest and perfectly right. Be- ing succeeded the late Prof Frankcause what are now your ears were lin P. Mall, who established the deonce gill clefts. And so you would partment in 1914, under the authori-

You may then learn that up to the ton,

time you were six or seven weeks old HILE calamity howlers you were possessed of a tail, and in the department of embryology there fates for modern generations and pointing with embryos to prove the truth of that certain age your great toe was placed and shaped exactly like that of an ape, no matter how little you may

like to believe it. Perhaps the most startling of all the revelations the layman may find in the department of embryology is that he had many organs before he had a brain and yet had the ability to control their action. Much effort is now being spent to determine just exactly when the brain assumes control of the lower portions of the body.

place until some time after birth. To perpetuate its researches for future students the department has established a "library" of the human medical time of the birth of the fully develand most complete library of this

character in the world. Thus the surgeon or the student may go to the department at any time, take from one of the many shelves what has every appearance of being an ordinary book, open it and study on the glass slides inside the shape of any human organ. The library is perhaps the most priceless treasure in the entire department, representing long years of work, and is kept in a fireproof room.

It was while being shown through this section that one visitor met an old friend. The old friend was none other than Pongo, the little orangutan that was once a favorite resident of the Zoo Park here. Pongo died last winter from rickets and his body was sent to Baltimore to be studied by scientists. A cast of his head was made by Dr. A. H. Schultz as a permanent record preliminary to the dissection of the body. By this time every nerve and muscle in poor old Pongo's body has been examined microscopically and the results included in the notes of science.

There is yet another and highly important phase of the work of the department of embryology of the Carnegie Institution. searches into the formation and action of the living tissues, the bits of life which, pieced together, make the whole of us. This study is being carried on, not only through experiments on real living tissue, but also through the medium of the camera.

Dr. Warren H. Lewis has charge of that particular department, and he is assisted in his work by his wife. Thus far Dr. Lewis has carried on experiremark that when you were four ments chiefly with tissues of emcluding human lymph glands, the well under these conditions as in

Dr. George L. Streeter is director o earn that your ears were formed be- zation of the board of trustees of the Carnegie Institution of Washing-